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Caliph of East Wampont

By H. IRVING KING

(By McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

If there are caliphs in Bagdad there are also caliphs in the rural districts—no relation to O. Henry or Haroun-al-Raschid, either! In the rural districts they are called political bosses. Such a one was John J. Phetypiece, caliph of East Wampont. I will take back, partially, that about there being no connection between J. J.—as they called him—and Haroun-al-Raschid; there were one or two points of resemblance. In the first place, J. J., like the other caliph, was the commander of the faithful—that is, the "workers" and strict party men, secondly, like Haroun and all caliphs who are on their jobs, he kept his ear to the ground and knew what was going on among his people.

But enough of the caliph for a few minutes. Allow me to introduce you to the caliph's daughter, the Princess Annie. Bagdad's roofs of fretted gold never sheltered a more delightful vision. Henry Foreythe was in love with Annie, and had it from her own dear lips that his affections were reciprocated. Henry was a most eligible young man, held an important position in East Wampont's principal manufactory, was slated for promotion and bound to go to the top. He was a sturdy, athletic youth and good looking. He was just the man for Annie, though there was one subject in which they had nothing in common. Henry hated politics while Annie took a deep interest in them. She had inherited a good share of her father's native shrewdness and loved to sit and hear him discourse on political matters, making now and then a pertinent suggestion out of her own wise little head. But what has politics to do with love or love to do with politics? We shall see.

One evening Henry took his courage in both fists, as the saying is, and went in to ask J. J. for his daughter's hand. Now the fact is that J. J. had dreamed dreams about Annie and built air castles for her. He saw that she had brains; why should not her married life be on the heights? He loved to picture her as a congressman's lady, the governor's lady, or even a senator's lady.

He never thought of her as married to a great author, a great scientist, or even a millionaire. You see J. J.'s world was a world of politics, and its heights of fancy were peopled only by successful politicians. It therefore came to him with a shock when a rising young business man stood before him and boldly proposed to make Annie his wife. He had seen the youth about, of course, but other youths had been about Annie also, and for the only time in his life the Caliph of East Wampont had allowed his fancies to blind him to realities. When J. J. had recovered from his surprise he turned the young suitor down—turned him down hard and brutally, so that Henry came out of the house in a state of rage and despair. Annie was waiting for him on the piazza—the moon-flooded piazza, the vine-draped piazza, where the air was heavy with the scent of the honeysuckle. He begged her to fly with him; he poured out protestations of undying love, mingled with abuse of the caliph.

At first Annie turned a little pale and, just for an instant, threatened to become fearful. Then she got a firm grip upon herself, calmly assured Henry of the constancy of her affections, advised him to wait hopefully for better times, and dismissed him in a manner which he thought, under the circumstances, cold and unfeeling.

Some little time after this J. J. heard that a project for a "citizens' movement" was showing signs of life in his domains. Now the caliph had no fear of the recognized opposition party—he had that bog-tied. But these "citizens' movements" annoyed him. Because you never can tell—accidents are liable to happen. However ably you may conduct your brace game, however perfect may be the hidden machinery which controls the roulette wheel, however skillfully you may stack your cards, some little cog in the machinery is liable to slip, some trifling "fumble" in the handling of the "pasteboards" may be made and the whirling ball falls into a numbered slot where it was never intended to go; a hand is dealt to a player which was never intended for him.

So these "citizens' movements" though they seldom amounted to anything and their life was ephemeral, had always the latent potentiality of disarranging the political machinery and disordering the political deal. When, later, he heard that Henry Foreythe was to run for assembly on the citizens' ticket he said "Humph!" and quietly continued his business of oiling his machine and marking his

It was no wonder that he threw himself into the campaign in a sort of frenzy. At last election day came. At night the votes were counted in the great hall of the town hall. On one side of the hall sat J. J. with a trusted fagman on either hand. On the other side stood Henry with a group of his political supporters. The vote was close, very close. But at last the counting was over and the citizens' ticket declared defeated by a small plurality. Henry went over and shook his victorious opponent by the hand, and went out of the hall with a laugh.

"Goodby, butt-in," said the genial Derwis on J. J.'s left; "that's the last we'll see of that young man in politics."

"So that's your opinion, is it?" said J. J. And then to the grand vizier on his right, "What's yours, Silas?"

"I am afraid we shall see too much of him," replied the solemn vizier.

"I am of your opinion, Silas," said J. J.

"The young man has conducted his campaign with considerable political acumen." He had heard that phrase in a speech by his congressman at a recent "rally," and he liked it; so he repeated it. "Considerable political acumen."

That night J. J. thought hard all the way home. A few days after this, as Henry was sitting talking over the recent struggle with Paul Blythe, his nearest friend and most active supporter, a note was handed in to him. He recognized the writing and his hand trembled as he opened it. Then he read:

"Dear Harry: How I admire you for the fight you made! Pa has capitulated! Come at once."

"Hoorah!" shouted Henry. "J. J. has given in and the dear girl doesn't bear me the least malice for fighting her father?"

"Bear malice!" cried Paul. "Why, you poor stomp, she secretly engineered the whole thing. She knew, if you didn't, that the only way to handle J. J. was to hit him in the eye politically. She got me to give you the nomination and furnished us with points for the campaign." But Henry had seized his hat and was on his way to the palace of the caliph and the arms of his Annie. Is it necessary for me to state explicitly that, in due time, Annie and Henry were married and lived happily ever after? I trust not.

GOT WORTH OF HIS MONEY

Real Estate Man Surely Could Not Have Asked More for That Little Half Dollar.

It was a large house on the North side, one of those old-fashioned but substantially built dwellings noted for imparting a suggestion of darkness and gloom instead of cheerfulness and light, that Emerson Chaillie, Indianapolis realtor, went into, accompanied by a friend, who, by the way, was a prospective buyer of the house.

Bambo, the colored servant, in the house for years, and who, long after the place had been abandoned by its owner, remained as the faithful watchman of the premises, greeted them at the door. Howling a profuse welcome, he led the visitors down the corridor.

"How do you find the place, Bambo?" Mr. Chaillie asked, with a desire to be agreeable.

"Fine, Mister Chaillie. But I want to tell you, it am powerful dark."

"You don't say. How about this room?" pursued Mr. Chaillie, rapping on a door.

"It's blacker than the Mammoth cave in there."

"Sam! You'll never make a real-estate salesman."

"Mebbe so, Mister Chaillie, but I'm only telling the truth."

In the darkness of the corridor, a few steps farther down, Mr. Chaillie nudged his "prospect," slipped a half dollar into Bambo's hand and then asked, "How about this next room?" the door of which appeared before them.

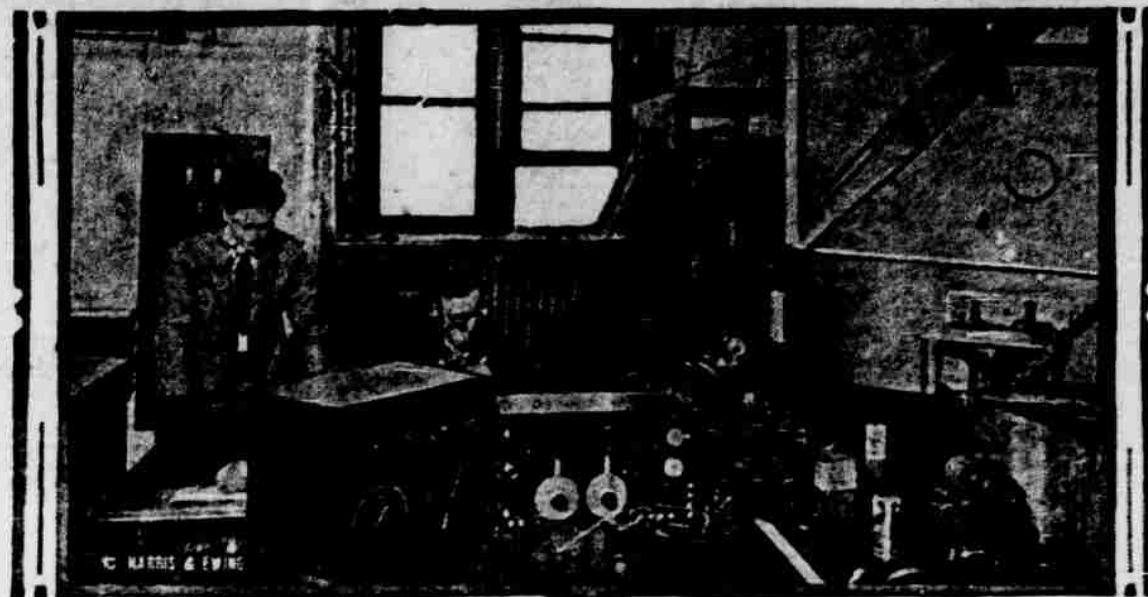
"That room's different, Mister Chaillie. It's so light in there that one has to wear colored glasses after the blinds have been pulled down to keep from losing his eyesight."

"What do you think of that for 80 cents?" Mr. Chaillie said to his prospect after Bambo had gotten out of hearing distance.—Indianapolis News.

Good Qualities of Wood.

Trees grow, therefore wood is cheaper than metals. It is easily worked with tools into desired shapes and sizes. It is held securely by nails and by glue. It is practically permanent when protected by paint; under water or in the ground it outlasts metal. Its strength and lightness make it easy to handle. It is a non-conductor of heat and electricity. Many woods are marked by patterns of infinite variety and beauty, whose very irregularities constitute an abiding charm. To this is added a fine blending of colors and a lustre when polished that gives wood a place in the decorative art that can be taken by no other substance.

Crop and Market Reports by Radiophone Only



The United States Post Office Department recently abandoned the use of radio-telephony in sending out market and crop reports, using the radio-telephone exclusively for this purpose. Farmers are thus enabled to receive the reports in the absence of knowledge of the dots and dashes common to radio-telephony. The department's radiophone outfit is here shown.

Claims Credit for Army Tank

British Captain Says Great War Weapon Was Invented by Him in 1914.

GOT ORDERS FROM KITCHENER

Credit for Invention Has Been Claimed in Many Quarters, Notably by Winston Churchill—Question in Parliament.

London.—One of the few really new weapons which the late war developed was the tank. Credit for this invention has been claimed in many quarters—notably for Winston Churchill, now colonial secretary, who was said to have submitted it to Mr. Asquith on January 5, 1915.

Now the Morning Post has come forth with a claim for Lord Kitchener and a Captain Bentley, under whose joint auspices, the newspaper asserts, the first tank was produced. The controversy has come to light again through the inability of Captain Bentley to obtain from the tanks award committee of the war office any award or compensation for his work.

The real story of the genesis of the tank, according to the Morning Post, is this:

On October 18, 1914, Captain Bentley had just returned to England from abroad to offer himself for war service. The next day he received a telephone call from Colonel Fitzgerald, military secretary to Lord Kitchener, directing him to report at the war office in Whitehall. When he arrived there he was taken to Lord Kitchener, under whom he had served in South Africa and to whom he was well known.

Real Story of Tank. Kitchener, the story runs, greeted him as follows:

"Downstairs, in the quadrangle, there's an armored car Woodrich has made for me. It's the result of the united brains of the army and navy experts. We want it for this trench fighting which they've begun in France. Go down, have a look at it and tell me what you think about it."

Captain Bentley and Colonel Fitzgerald inspected the car for about five minutes and then returned.

THIS VETERAN HAS TWIN BRAINS

Shell Shock and Accident Make Unusual Case.

Ex-Serviceman Writes With Both Hands Easily, but Left Fingers Make Letters Backward and Upside Down.

Denver, Colo.—Thought to have two brains, one of which is almost a blank, and the other directing him to do strange things, Hayward Thompson of Kansas City, Mo., a World War veteran, is being treated in a hospital here, where he wandered under the alias of Thomas A. Anderson, fully convinced that it was his right name.

Operations and hypnosis are being resorted to to return Thompson's memory, lost during the World War when he was shell shocked. The effect of the shell shock and a motorcycle accident a few months before are thought

"Well?" Kitchener asked. "It's no good for your purpose," Captain Bentley said. "You can't take it off a road."

"Exactly," said Lord Kitchener. "My own opinion. How can you design me one of the right type? It's urgent. Let me have it tomorrow."

Captain Bentley, it might be mentioned, was one of the pioneers of motor transport. He had driven automobiles in sandy wastes, and had devoted considerable time to the attempt to develop types of motor vehicles suitable to rough and virgin country. He went home to work out the idea of the caterpillar tractor as it would be applied to an armored car.

On the evening of October 22, Captain Bentley went to Lord Kitchener's house in Carlton Gardens. At the end of three hours the two men, according to Captain Bentley, had agreed upon the basic principles of the tank.

AMERICAS ARE JOINED BY RADIO

Five Stations to Bridge 2,000 Miles Between Continents.

Two Big Companies Place Orders for Equipment Planned to Form New Air Lines of Communication in Central America.

New York.—Linking the Americas by five broadcasting radio stations, two of which will be erected in the United States and three in Central America, each with a radius of 2,000 miles, is being contemplated by two big western companies, the United Fruit company and the Tropical Radio Telegraph company. Orders for the stations have been placed, says an announcement from the Radio Corporation of America.

The terminals in the United States of the proposed system will be at New Orleans, La., where the present station of the Tropical Radio Telegraph company is to be enlarged, and at Miami, Fla., where a new station will be constructed by the company.

The three stations in the southern part of the group will be located at the corners of a triangle embracing Honduras, Nicaragua and at Tegucigalpa,

At the close of the interview, Captain Bentley mentioned that he proposed to go at once to the patent office and register his design.

"Wait," Lord Kitchener said. "Are you satisfied to leave this in my hands? I'll look after you."

Finds Kitchener Is Dead.

Captain Bentley agreed. The next week, however, he left for service in Russia. Upon his return to England, he was almost immediately recommissioned and sent to German East Africa with the mechanical transport service. Here he was wounded, finally returning to England in 1917.

Until this time he did not know that the invention, which by then was known as the "tank," had ever been utilized. What he did know, however, was that Lord Kitchener had been drowned in June, 1916, and could not give his version of the tank's origin.

Desirous of knowing the official view of the matter, Captain Bentley had a question asked in parliament. The answer gave the credit for the invention of the tank to Winston Churchill, January 5, 1915, a date which, if Captain Bentley's claims be verified, was about two and a half months after the Kitchener interview.

the capital of Honduras. These stations will connect with the station of the United Fruit company at Altamira, Panama.

Communication between these five stations and ship-to-shore communications with them will open up entirely new routes of intercourse between the Americas, one of which will be the opening of a 2,000-mile radio from Colombia, South America, and the United States.

The area embraced by the five stations covers 54,000 square miles, with a network of smaller stations joining the five main offices at the larger points.

In the case of the Tegucigalpa station, the delicate radio apparatus and heavy steel girders to build the station must be transported over an 80-mile mountain trail. This station will be completed by November 1, 1922. It is planned.

Flood Wipes Out Jap Village. Kanazawa, Japan.—With the exception of two men who happened to be gathering firewood on the mountain side, the 100 inhabitants of the little village of Ushirohara were drowned when the place was wiped out by a flood August 4. Hardly a stick remained of the village.

two children, physicians say, who are one body until a short time before they are born. One of Thompson's brains is normal, although a blank concerning recent years, but the other is his sub-normal mind, which now directs his actions.

Deeds Young Daughter. Greenville, S. C.—W. H. Gillard, a widower with six children, has died. His pretty six-year-old daughter, to his brother, J. H. Gillard, "for valuable consideration."

The deed specified that the child's uncle is "to have and to hold against me and any and all persons claiming any interest, right or privilege through me and in and to the said land." The deed was filed in the office of the register, with half a dozen deeds transferring real estate. The father is poor, while his brother is well-to-do. It is to inherit equally with her uncle's children.

A village surrounded by marshes is all that remains of the old Latin town of Ardea, Italy.

NEVER FOR SALE

Three Things Which Are Not Put on the Market.

Health, Happiness and Love Impossible to Acquire for a Price—Error Some Women Make.

"Don't cry, Anne, darling; he isn't worth it. You were too kind and generous to him."

Thus did a mother endeavor to soothe her daughter, who had just been "thrown over" by the man on whom she had paid the greater part of her earnings during ten of the fourteen months they had been engaged.

The circumstances which led up to her giving a man money were exceptional, but Anne is by no means the only over-loving girl who has foolishly thought she could buy a genuine lover, a contributor to an eastern periodical writes.

When the gentlemen in question first asked the girl to be his wife, he thought she was a dear little girl, who could earn a little and, as he had a soft job himself, the picture of a home and wife seemed very alluring. But, by carelessness, he lost his position. After a week or two of doing nothing, he hinted that it was not fair to hold her to the engagement.

If she had fallen in with his suggestion and taken her freedom, in all probability he would soon have got some fresh work rather than lose her. But the poor, too-loving girl generously agreed to keep him in secondaries till he got a place.

The average man might have bestirred himself to repay this kindness, but even the decent-natured men are apt to value at nothing that which they get for nothing.

Not only so, but in supplying a man with money a girl robs him of the best part of his manhood, and very often he turns against her just because she has so robbed him.

Real men don't use the frail shoulders of a woman in order to climb life's ladder of success. They glory in feeling that they have done it all themselves. Even the worst of men will shrink when a girl first offers them money, but the taking of it is, unfortunately, a habit that is soon acquired and very hard to break.

How often do we hear of lovers swindling their girls out of quite large sums of money and then leaving them in the lurch? Do we not wonder how on earth a girl can be so foolish as to lend her savings? One need not wonder, once one knows the trick.

The man swindler who is out to get money generally has some in hand, which he uses as a bait. He will take a girl out; if he finds she has any capital worth having, he begins to splash his dollar or two about, and, without actually saying so, gives the impression that he has plenty.

Then when she has grown fond of him, and he is sure of his power over her, he tells some plausible tale—either his firm has forgotten his quarterly check, or the bank is closed, or perhaps he will say he has just bought a house. This last makes her heart beat with hope.

"Oh, I can let you have some money. Do let me lend you some," says the girl, thinking she will be endeared to him by her generosity, and also glad to help the man she loves.

Much depends on how much he hopes to get eventually whether or not he accepts her first offer, but he generally accepts loans from her until she has nothing left, and then he leaves her.

So much for the rogue man. Since the fellow who is really worth while is also apt to become demoralized by being financed by his sweet-heart, the very cruelest thing she can do is either to offer money or encourage him to ask for it. The three things we cannot buy are health, happiness and love.

Phonograph Postcards.

To enable people to send their voices to their friends through the mails is the ambition of three French inventors, who have united their ingenuity in the production of a wax-like material called "sonoline," which may be spread upon a postcard. Spoken messages may, it is said, be impressed upon the prepared cards by placing them in a phonographic apparatus, into which the sender speaks. The recipient has only to put it through a receiving phonograph in order to hear the voice of his friend.

The Game of Cemetery.

Adèle, aged three, was traveling across the continent, and observing many new sights from the train window. There were rivers and bridges and tunnels and graveyards to be explained. The latter had especially impressed her. Later, on traversing the coasts on the way to the dinner, her attention was caught by two passengers intently maneuvering ivory chessmen.

"Oh, mother!" whispered Adèle in horror. "See those men playing a game with a cemetery?"—Judge.